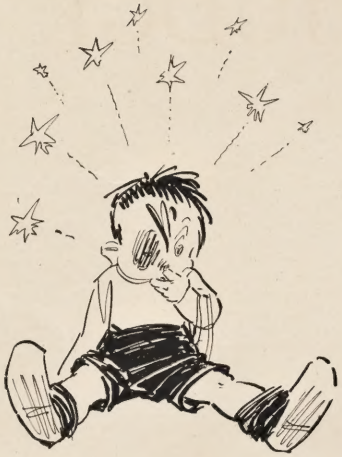
SUMMER WIDOWERS NUMBER

AUGUST 29, 1925 ★ PRICE 15 CENTS

JUDGE

"I'LL TAKE HER BACK IF SHE WANTS TO COME BACK"

KNOCK ENNUI FOR A GOAL!!



Biff, bing, right in the eye, that's

JUDGE

every week—a knock-out for
ennui with a mitt full of fun

No other weekly contains the sparkling, vivacious good humor; the enlightening satiric notes on current topics and events; the brilliantly clever reviews of the theater; the fearlessness in expressions of opinions; the intolerance of hypocrisy, dullness, provincialism and boredom, as JUDGE.

Kick in a dollar bill and you can have JUDGE for 10 weeks

JUDGE—*"The World's Wittiest Weekly"*
627 West 43d Street, New York

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Incidentally—do it now

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JUDGE

Long Distance

(It is after 8.30 P.M. and the telephone rates are much lower so Frank decides to phone Henrietta up at the country.)

FRANK (having waited on the phone twenty minutes)—Hello, is this Beaver Lakes? I want to speak with Mrs. Brown!

Voice—Jest a minute. I think Mrs. Brown drove over to Hastings Corners to the barn dance. Who's calling?

Frank—Her husband, Mr. Brown.

Voice—I'm a leetle deef, so speak louder; besides there's lots of noise up here—the bullfrogs are going full blast.

Frank—Her husband, Mr. Brown!

Voice—No, he ain't here. He's back in Noo Yawk.

Frank—Who ain't there?

Voice—Mr. Brown ain't here.

Frank—This is Mr Brown!

Voice—No, I ain't Mr. Brown. I'm Lem Hezkins, postmaster, deputy sheriff, poet Laureate of Beaver Lakes and Republican candidate for county mosquito exterminator.

Frank—So is your old man!

Voice—No, he's been dead fifteen years now come next Thanksgiving.

(The operator cuts in to cryptically remark that overtime has started and that the call will cost $8.)

Frank (in desperation)—Get me Mrs. Brown! *(There is a long pause as the rural gentleman at the other end apparently shifts the berth of a liberal cube of cut plug.)*

Voice—Which Mrs. Brown?

Frank—Mrs. Frank Brown.

Voice—Oh, she's over at Eagle Dam. You'll have to call the operator again and ask them to ring twice.

(There is a hoarse gurgle at the city end as Frank Brown drinks a bottle of blue ink.)

OPPORTUNIST HOUSEHOLDER (to trapped burglar)—*Old boy, you're a Godsend. The wife's coming back from the country to-morrow, and all this mess has got to be cleaned up first. Now hop to it!*

HUSBAND—*Home again, my dear? Didn't expect you for another week!*

EPILAUGHS

Here lies rheumatic Mr. Ball,
Hold your hosses, that ain't all.
He did the Charleston,
Once and for all.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

Pity the Poor Summer Widower

HIS wife, his family, his step-mother, even, have gone to the country. So pity the poor, lonesome, neglected summer widower.

With nowhere in the world to go but the Follies, or the Pennsylvania roof.

And no one to cheer him up but his blond stenographer.

And no one to get his breakfast but Alphonse, the chef at his favorite club.

And no one to share his wine and his radio but a gang of good fellows from the office.

And no place to go on those lonesome Sundays but that horrid old golf course.

Oh, pity the poor summer widower when his wife's away at the country.

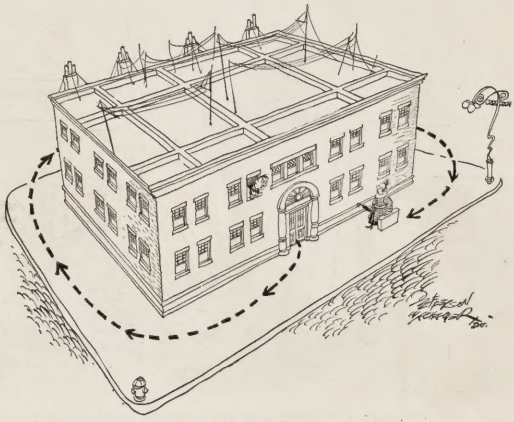
George B. Duren

Safety First

MY WIFE is away where the cool breezes play,
With the scent of the cedar and pine.
And I'm just as good as a monk in his hood
As I crawl into bed nights at nine.
I do not cavort like a rakish young sport.
I'm serious, sober, sedate.
The home-loving type with a book and a pipe
And a really Utopian mate.

And proudly I sing that I've not done one thing
My wife could consider as wrong.
For when she set forth for a month in the North—
By golly, she took *me* along!

Hugh Wood



A husband's impression of his wife's six weeks' trip.

EPILAUGHS

This grave contains
Young Joey Sitels.
He read aloud
The movie titles.

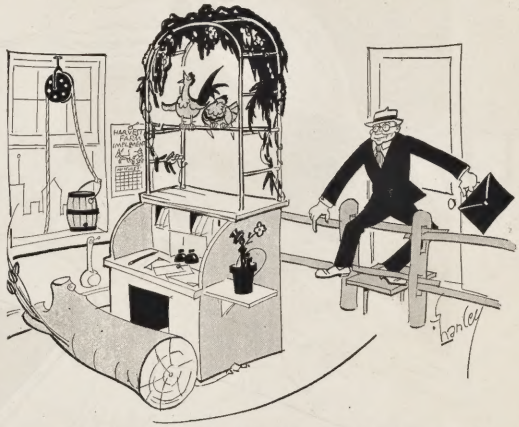
Judge pays $5 for each one printed

"What do you make of it, Watson?" asked the great detective, as his friend appeared with a box of raisins in his hand.

Prince Aage, of Denmark, was wounded while fighting the Riffians with the French Foreign Legion. We know that guy. He wrote the first volume of our encyclopedia.

Drinking has become so general at all colleges that a number of University Dramatic Clubs are thinking of changing their names to "The Flask and Swig Society."

The number of unemployed in this country varies, depending to a great extent upon the whereabouts of the boss.

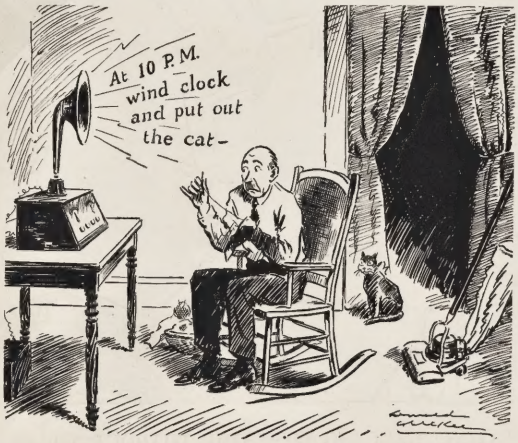


The gentleman climbing over the stile, who could not get away this summer, tries to give a rustic atmosphere to the office.

Funnybones

A prize ring isn't the only kind that signifies a fight.

Judge will pay $5 for each one printed



During August, instructions for amateur housekeepers should be broadcast.

When the Wife Wires She'll Be Home To-morrow

4.30 A.M.—Alarm clock rings. You leap out of bed and violently throw open the windows to air the apartment.

5.00 A.M.—You use the vacuum cleaner in every room and hurriedly remove the traces of last night's poker game.

6.00 A.M.—You tackle two weeks' unwashed dishes.

7.30 A.M.—You re-arrange the bureau drawers and dust throughout the flat.

8.00 A.M.—You shave, bathe and stand at the door ready to welcome her.

8.30 A.M.—You receive a telegram from her: "Will stay another week. Feed the cat. Love."

A week later you go through the same performance above and receive another telegram: "Staying just one more week, honey. Send $50. Love."

Still a week later. You don't touch a thing, eagerly awaiting the expected telegram. At 8.30 a bundle of righteous indignation bustles from room to room, deploring the condition of the place.

9.30 A.M.—You sneak away to the office and look up your private bootlegger's new telephone number.

SUMMER WIDOWER DICTATING THAT "SO LONESOME WITHOUT YOU" LETTER—AS HIS WIFE SEES IT

COP—*Say! Don'tcha know how to drive?*
"I'm afraid not, officer—my wife's away!"

The Life of the Party

HE TELLS jokes.

He always wants to help and invariably breaks something.

His idea of screaming comedy is putting tabasco sauce in the cocktails.

The girls all say he "dances divinely."

He constantly wants to play some new game.

He has no suspicion of the fact that punning is the lowest form of humor.

Even if he did have it wouldn't matter to him.

He'll do anything for a laugh.

Just ask him sometime to give an imitation of Ben Turpin.

He will.

He has absolutely no self-respect.

He's always the first to arrive.

And the last to depart.

He never has any cigarettes and always asks to borrow one calling it a butt or a coffin nail.

He spoils everybody's good time.

He spoils all my good lines.

I hate him. *Carroll*

"Bill, this water is full of sharks!"
"Thank Gawd! I'm nearly famished!"

"Papa Loves Mamma!"

"What, Never? Well, Hardly Ever!"

"When their wives are away
They visit The Follies
And merry and gay
They flirt with the dollies. . . "

BUT the perspiring humorist wrote no more, for there was a firm tap on his back and behind him stood a stout man, dressed in sporty tweeds, with a white carnation in his buttonhole and sporting a lurid blue and white hatband on his panama.

"Sir!" angrily started the corpulent gentleman, "I have been sent here by the Summer Widowers' Truth and Protective Association. We are tired of having distorted information circulated concerning us. You fellows give the impression that our lives are one continual round of riotous living from the time our wives leave until they come back. . . . "

"But that's the general belief," started the humorist.

"Well, it isn't so," shouted the stout gentleman. "We eat cold foods, make our own beds, dust and clean apartments and houses, feed cats, dogs, birds, goldfishes, bring in the ice, take our own clothes to the laundry and are generally lonesome and miserable. We are faithful and true to our wives, never even dreaming of going out with any other woman. Correct this impression at once or next summer we'll all join our wives in the country and you fellows will have nothing to write about."

Obviously the humorist was sorry. Tears coursed down his hardened cheek. He realized that he too had been guilty of a great wrong—of gross misrepresentation. Then his phone bell tinkled and when he heard a clear, silvery feminine voice at the other end, his features relaxed and he smiled.

"No, I've got no date for to-night, Fifi," said the humorist, "and you've got a girl friend too . . . can I dig some one up? I don't know of anyone—they're all away. But, wait a moment," he added, as an idea gripped him and he turned to the Summer Widowers' representative. "Say," he said, "my friend, Fifi, wants to take a little drive to-night and she's got a beautiful girl friend here from the South . . ."

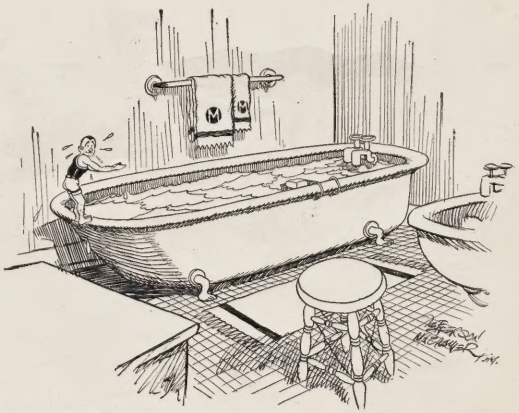
* * *

The setting sun cast its long rays over the road and lit for an instant on a four-passenger sport car. From it came voices and one deep one rose above the rest: "My wife is a fine little woman, but you know she really doesn't understand me."

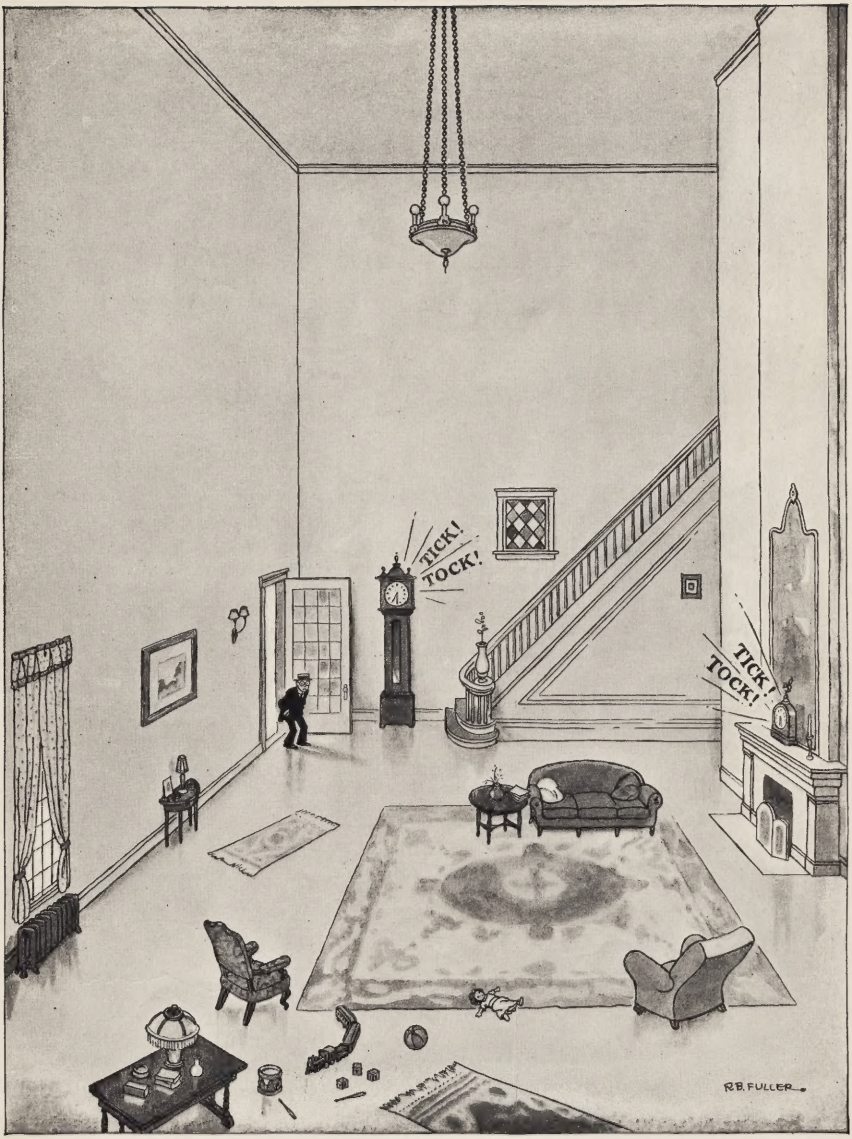
KRAZY KRACKS

"give a sentence with the word Jasper"

Song: "Jasper fore the battle, Mother."



I found some of my wife's thyroid pellets and they reduced me so much that the bathtub makes a fine swimming tank.



THE WIFE'S GONE TO THE COUNTRY

INDIGNANT CUSTOMER—*Hey! I came here to buy some summer underwear but now I want to get some woolens before winter sets in.*

The Whale Wail

"WELL, where have you been?" furiously demanded Mrs. Jonah, as her seagoing husband sheepishly entered their bungalow, wringing the water out of his coat.

"Now, darling," cooed Jonah, "don't get yourself all excited. I wasn't able to get in touch with you. . . . "

"That's a likely story. Not even a postal card or a short note or even a wire from you. Here I've been sitting all alone up here in this bungalow in this God-forsaken place, with only Mrs. Noah to keep me company."

"Now, sweetheart," commenced Jonah, "it was this way. I was swallowed by a whale and I couldn't get to a postoffice or telegraph station at all. This morning the whale sent me up again and the first thing I did was to come home to you. I would have wired you, but all my loose change got lost in the whale's interior and I wasn't able to do a thing."

"Sounds like a fish story," snorted Mrs. Jonah.

"Wrong!" triumphantly shrieked Jonah. "A whale is a mammal—not a fish. That's how much you women know."

"Are you sure, darling?" questioned Mrs. Jonah, obviously relenting.

"Positively," answered Jonah, aware that the crisis had passed. "If you're a dear sweet wife I'll take you for a walk along the beach tonight and show you the exact whale. You know," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "I'd walk a mile for a mammal."

SUMMER WIDOWERS

Group of miserable wretches mourning for their dear departeds.

If the woman pays why do so many of them have charge accounts?

EPILAUGHS

Pause here, dear friends, to shed a tear
For Miss Amilia Bright.
She made a perfect left-hand turn, but—
Signaled to the right.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

"Shay, offshur, you got charge of theshe grounds?"

The Battle Cry

DOING anything to-night?
Come on up to the house, we'll have a little game.
What's the limit?
I'll play these!
Just one and make it an ace.
Have another—it all comes out of the kitty.
I'm master in my house.
Yeh! When the wife's away!
Let's give her a boost!
One more round and we quit.
One more round and we quit!
One more round and we quit!
Two rounds of roodles and we quit!
Wow! What a night!

Carroll

Add Soft Jobs

Wardrobe mistress for a revue.
Prohibition agent.
The boss's.
St. Peter's.

KRAZY KRACKS

"give a sentence with the word Miniature"

"Was miniature house yesterday?"

Hiking Up-to-date

"Who were those two young men sitting on that truck?"

"They looked to me like a couple of cross-country hikers."

An English lecturer says Bolshevistic propaganda is responsible for a good deal of the trouble in China. Just a case of bull in the China shop.

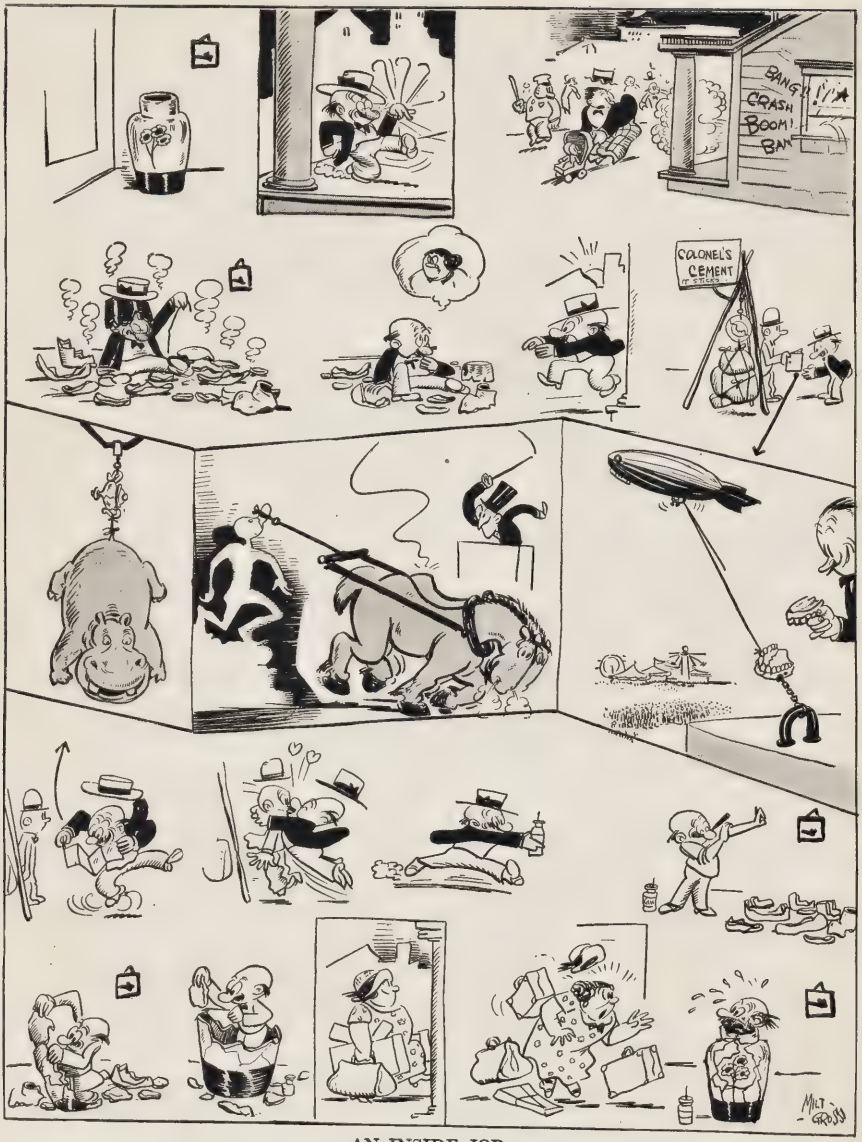
EPILAUGHS

Here reposes William Laudit—
He chased a bear and finally caught it.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

CORRECTING AN ERROR

Popular conception of summer widower's kitchen . . . and . . . as it really is.



AN INSIDE JOB

People I Am Always Meeting

WHILE there are any number of individuals of unusual characteristics whom I have never met, I am constantly being thrown into contact with people everywhere whom I am not so keen about meeting at all.

Now, for instance, I rarely go to the bank to cash a little check but that I happen to get into line directly behind the man who is getting the pay roll for the Ford plant or some other large institution, He carries a small leather bag and shoves a paper in to the teller that looks like the U. S. National Debt. Whereupon the teller proceeds to get out a few bushel baskets full of bills of every denomination, and begins assorting them into piles according to their age—following this process closely with the stacking of silver.

Men who collect pay rolls at banks are entirely unnecessary and something should be done about it.

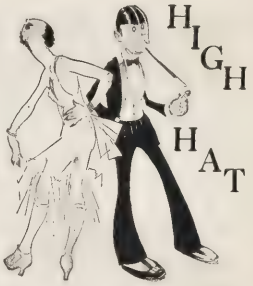
Stanley Rauh

EPI-LAUGHS

Below lies the body
Of Sammy Rosen,
He took a dive—
But the lake was frozen.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

The stage manager put a real *phone in the act by mistake.*



And now they say a thing is "Catzy!" Meaning marvelous, wonderful, etc. Where do these expressions come from, anyway? It's obvious "Catzy" descended from "The Cat's Meow" but what massive brain originated that—and why? Maybe the bird that names Pullman cars started all these expressions.

Speaking of Catzy things, have you been to a "Coolidge" Party yet? If you haven't you've missed a lot of fun. The idea of the party is absolute silence, except for the noise of the music and the cocktail shakers, and anyone speaking is not only ostracized but their liquor is cut off for the rest of the evening. It's wonderful what a relief it is not to have to talk! It's a bit difficult, however, after the fourth or fifth cocktail.

Speaking of parties, I saw a crowd the other night out on the road with their cars parked and a victrola going. And they were all dancing by the side of the road.

The Six Best "Steppers":
"Sonia."
"Manhattan."
"Sentimental You."
"All I Want Is Love."
"Ukulele Lady."
"If You Knew Suzie."

Judge Jr.

Betty goes Abroad in Paris

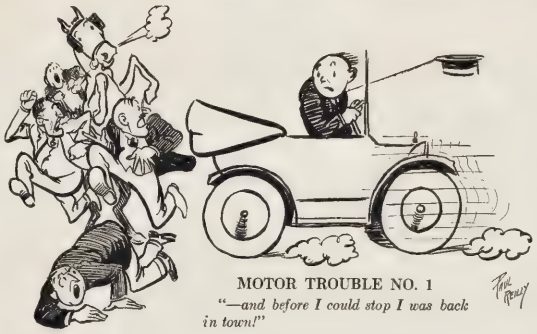
Betty says there isn't a man-sized auto in Paris.

American manikins at Jean Patou's.

Betty says France is a good place for Americans to enjoy their liberty.

The Quat'z Arts Bal has "nothing on" our own.

Robert Patterson PARIS



MOTOR TROUBLE NO. 1

"—and before I could stop I was back in town!"

HANDBOOK FOR HUSBANDS

Containing

1,001 Excuses for Staying Out Nights

by Prof. Abeliar Glibtongue, A.B., C.D.

Continued from last week—read on!

MOTOR TROUBLE No. 1.—(*Note—This excuse should be delivered in a hoarse voice.*) Was almost home when I accidentally shifted into reverse and, my dear, would you believe it, before I could stop I was back in town! And the embarrassing part of it was that I backed right into a saloon!

Motor Trouble No. 2.—Started home and found steering wheel was stuck so that I could only steer in one direction. Couldn't stop until I landed in ———— (Supply name of town as far away as possible from your own.) Borrowed a compass from a passerby and got car headed in right direction and by tacking finally reached home.

Warning—Do not use Excuses No. 1 and 2 consecutively.

The Missed Train (To be used only in easy cases)—Missed 5.10—went in booth to phone and got five wrong numbers—Missed 5.30—went back to phone—all booths busy—missed 5.51—went back to phone—got six wrong numbers—missed 6.30—went back to phone, etc. Repeat as long as possible. If it doesn't seem to be "going over" turn to "Emergency Section—No. 36A."

(This can also be used with trolley cars by city dwellers.)

The Office Fire (Look around now for the nearest exit)—Terrible fire in the office! Phone book caught fire—couldn't find number of Fire Department so had to fight the fire ourselves with lily cups. Telephone wires burned so couldn't phone home. Overcome by smoke.

(*Continued Next Week*)

Headlines I Never Expect to See

DEMPSEY Knocks Out Wills.

Chinese Government Irons Out Difficulties.

Mexican President Runs for Re-election.

Prince of Wales Rides Winner in Kentucky Derby.

John D. Rockefeller Gives Up Golf. Says It Is Young Man's Game.

Germany Settles in Full with Allies.

Wayne D. Wheeler Is Indicted as Rum Runner.

President of Telephone Company Confesses That Service Is Poor.

John S. Sumner's Bedroom Farce Is Season's Hit.

Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Admits Superiority of San Francisco.

John F. Hylan re-elected Mayor of New York City.

Last Bottle of Bootleg Booze in Country Emptied in Sewer Amid Cheers of Bystanders.

Funnybones

Natural gas is the result of the meeting of a hole-in-one golfer and a man with a perfect radio.

Judge will pay $5 for each one printed

Babes in the Wood.

What the little woman thinks her husband does when she's away—

And what he really *does.*

Editor, Norman Anthony. *Associate Editors*, William Morris Houghton, William Edgar Fisher, Phil Rosa. *Dramatic Editor*, George Jean Nathan.

Our National Sport

Richard Washburn Child tells us in the *Saturday Evening Post* that last year we had in this country 11,000 homicides, while in England and Wales there are less than 200 a year. In highway robbery we also lead the world. Chicago, according to Mr. Child, reported in the first three months of this year 636 robberies at the point of a gun, or seven a day, while London's robbery cases run between twenty and forty a year. Burglary statistics tell a similar story. In crimes of violence our championship is undisputed; we hold all the Olympic records.

Doesn't this sound a little strange about a country that has enjoyed six years of the national prohibition that was to empty our jails; about a country that sports the Mann Act, that kicks up such a terrible fuss over naughty plays and naughty books, that puts an evangelist in charge of its movies, that passes anti-evolution and anti-cigarette and anti-pool-and-billiards laws, that regulates dance holds and bathing suits, that is constantly flirting with a blue Sunday? Wicked France does none of these things, and yet in 1919 France had only 585 murders. In no year in the past ten, says a Bar Association report, did the number in these pious United States fall below 8,500.

Not only that but our aptitude for crime is increasing. Every year we chalk up new records in all of the bloodier events—the lethal shot-put, the running broad stick-up, etc., etc. In 1900 a group of thirty American cities showed a homicide rate of five in 100,000. This same group now shows a rate of ten. In wet, unregenerate Europe, on the other hand, the rate, low to begin with, has been decreasing. In all crimes of violence the tendency over there has been in the opposite direction.

* * * * *

What's the matter with us?

Very likely we're too rich, for one thing. The old notion that poverty drives men to crime must be modified. Poverty such as abounds in law-abiding Europe is practically unknown over here where law-breaking is the rule. But Europeans are all more or less poor together and therefore resigned to their poverty. They don't live, as we do, in the midst of a wild scramble for wealth. They don't hear daily of fortunes made over night. They don't suffer from the fever that renders a mining camp, or any other region of sudden riches, the bold, bad, adventurous, exciting place it is.

* * * * *

The United States has another thing in common with the mining camp—the feeling among a very large proportion of its people that they are away from home and from the restraints of home. Like every El Dorado in history it has gathered its inhabitants from the four quarters of the globe. A great many are recent immigrants, or the children of recent immigrants, including a generous sprinkling of adventurers. But even among those of us who are native born of native ancestry, how many remain long enough in a single community to develop the social consciousness that is the hall mark of the typical European? The latter stays put where he was born, where for unnumbered generations his forbears have lived, among neighbors whose roots go equally deep. His reputation is not his own to do with as he pleases, but a trust to be administered with rigid fidelity. We Americans, on the other hand, migrate—often we keep on migrating—into communities whose good opinion is a matter of comparative indifference to us and we acquire something of the social irresponsibility of boys at college, or Congressmen at Washington, or butter-and-egg men at Atlantic City.

* * * * *

But granting these social peculiarities, predisposing us to lawlessness, is there any nation on earth that needs more than we do a form of government and a body of law at once the simplest and the most effective that could be devised? Instead, of course, we support a form of government that is exceedingly complicated and a body of law the most voluminous, confused and ineffective in history. The prime business of government is the *administration* of law. Here we seem to think it is the *passage* of law. Our forty-nine legislatures, carefully protected from any "dictation" by the executive, go merrily on grinding out laws for whose enforcement they have no responsibility whatever. ("That's up to the other fellow.") They specialize in laws to protect our morals, which tickle their constituents, absorb the public attention, waste the time of the police, clog the courts and bring all law into disrepute. Meanwhile the serious business of murder, robbery and arson gets less and less attention and more and more recruits.

Certain distinguished gentlemen have formed a National Crime Commission to rouse the country to a consciousness of the appalling conditions it faces. But we predict that all its agitation will be in vain unless it calls a halt on further sumptuary legislation and boldly advocates the repeal or abandonment of all the silly pietistic laws that now trip us at every turn. And among other laws we mean PROHIBITION.

* * * * *

But, really, why should we Americans worry? If the Government is willing to save our souls, what difference does it make what becomes of our lives and property?

W. M. H.

"Spring Fever," by Vincent Lawrence, is another of those plays in which the heroine hates the hero like poison until about quarter of eleven, at which time the hero grabs her and kisses her in such a way that she can resist him no longer and falls into his arms. I have long speculated just what there was about such kisses that made women unable to withstand their impresarios. For years now I have been going to plays and seeing erstwhile adamant women promptly capitulate to men when the latter have kissed them like the hero of the Lawrence play. No sooner has the aforesaid hero glued his lips to those of the heroine than she takes a step backward, gazes at him with an immense admiration and projects herself at once into his loving embrace, where only a minute before she had shouted at him that if he so much as touched her she would yell for the police. It is all very mysterious to me. I have asked some of the best and most widely kissed women of America to let me into the secret, but the girls say that they don't know what it is. In real life, if a woman hates a man and he grabs her and kisses her the way the average man drinks a seidel of Pilsner, she hauls off and hands him one. But on the stage, she is his forever. Playwrights must know something about the art of kissing that the rest of us fellows are ignorant of.

Just what "Spring Fever" was like when Lawrence first wrote it I don't know. But if it was like the play that I saw the other evening in the Maxine Elliott Theater, I am a greater Charleston dancer than Charles Evans Hughes. That some one—perhaps Lawrence himself—was persuaded to monkey with it appears certain. As it stands, it shows little of the dexterity and wit that Lawrence has indicated in other of his plays. It is a straight attempt to bang the box-office with Broadway hokum. It has some good laughs; it has a periodic trace of Lawrence's former adroitness; but on the whole it is obvious tradegoods.

The theme is golf. This is a very touchy subject for me to handle ironically in Judge, as the chief owner of this magazine is one of the all-firedest golf fiends I have ever encountered. He eats, sleeps, smokes and talks golf. The fellow would rather play golf than shake hands with President Coolidge, get an old-time cocktail for fifteen cents or elope with Peggy Joyce. In fact, golf is his dish. As for me, I'd exchange all the golf links in the world for one good bottle of Holland lager, but this is no place to say it in. Not with a cold winter coming on and

(*Continued on page 28*)

"THE POOR NUT"
"YOUR IN GOOD SHAPE —WHY CAN'T YOU WIN?"
"MY EGO DOESN'T WORK RIGHT!"
"WELL AFTER THE NEXT RACE YOU CAN HAVE IT OPERATED ON!!"

FIRST FORD WORKMAN (despairingly)—*Here we are making more of 'em.*

SECOND FORD WORKMAN—*Let's leave the pistons out of a couple of 'em, just for a joke.*

Frolic and Fancy at the Ford Factory

by Don Herold

IT WOULD be funny if somebody with a sense of humor should go to work in the Ford factory.

Everybody there now is impressed with the divinity of the Ford car and with the importance of making his $7 a day (or whatever they pay the help now).

If somebody should get in there who would rather have some fun than to get his $7, he could throw the Ford factory off for six or eight months.

He might hide a keg of nuts and it would take the Ford organization months and months to make Fords come out even, like bread and butter and jam.

He could omit a connecting rod and somewhere down the assembly line there would occur a clot like the line-up at the Forty-second street ferry on a holiday.

Everybody in the Ford factory has to *believe*.

If a Ford laborer should have a moment of doubt—a fleeting thought, "Why all these Fords?"—and let a half dozen crankcases pass by without giving them the particular widgets he is supposed to supply it might ruin Henry Ford.

It is an amazing comment on human submissiveness that nobody among the thousands and thousands who have worked in the Ford mills has ever decided to have a day's sport at balling up the works.

Now and then a printer (for printers are philosophers) has slipped a typographical error into a newspaper which has shocked the sensibilities of thousands of readers, but nobody has ever put a firecracker into a Ford.

Fords all come out Fords.

It seems that all Mr. Ford has to do to get piston rings into his car is to hire somebody to put piston rings into it. History does not record that a Ford piston ringer has ever paused in the middle of the afternoon and said to himself, "Piston rings! Hell!"

There is always some bad boy in every schoolroom to defy the teacher's assumption of the divinity of schoolroom routine and discipline, but we have had no instance of any-

(*Continued on page 29*)

Funnybones

The pedestrian was here first but so was the Indian.

Judge will pay $5 for each one printed

Sitting up with a sick friend.

CECIL—*I never go very deep.*
MARY—*Well, what's the matter? No one who had met you would expect you to.*

Little Travels

Breezing Through Holland

LIKE the ex-kaiser, we reached Holland safely.

Holland is so low it is really part of the North Sea. It was discovered many centuries ago by a deep sea diver. The higher the tide, the smaller the country.

Our guide pointed out the great dikes and told us that once, when one of them sprung a leak, a Dutch Paul Revere rowed through the countryside and warned everybody to put on their bathing suits.

We visited Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Schiedam, Veendam, Zaandam—in fact, we visited one dammed town after another.

Then we took a crosstown canal boat for the interior. We enjoyed the breezes. One thing the Hollanders can blow about is the wind. The windmills are always working. They pump the water from the land into the canals. The sea keeps pumping it back. There's perpetual motion for you!

Pussyfoot Johnson went to Holland to dry it up and they told him he was crazy. Besides, they said they had enough windmills there already.

Holland is noted for its cheese. The biggest piece of cheese there at the present time is the ex-kaiser.

In Holland a pants presser would starve to death. Little Hans wears his pants baggy. When he wants a new pair of shoes he goes to the carpenter.

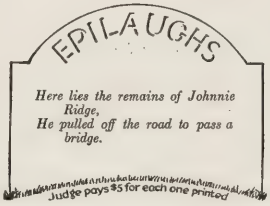
Our guide informed us that it is not easy to obtain good foundations for buildings, and so many of the natives live in boats. These boats, unless securely fastened, move about with the current. This makes it extremely difficult for the Dutch letter carriers.

As we sailed along the canal, we noticed that we were higher than the fields on either side. When a Dutchman wants to get a good view of the surrounding country he doesn't climb some hill or mountain because there are none. Instead, he climbs into a rowboat on one of the high canals.

We saw women washing clothes in the main thoroughfare. Holland is noted for its cleanliness. With so much water and Old Dutch Cleanser it couldn't be otherwise.

It's a great country for painters and artists. Even the horses draw canal boats. After pulling that, we left the country.

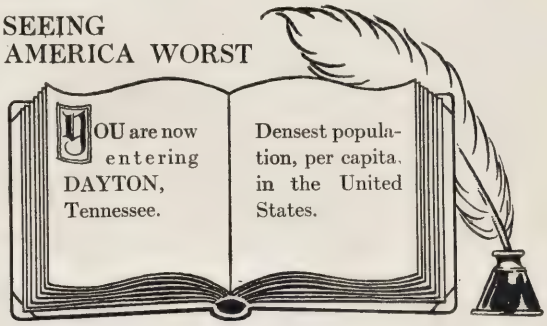
Robert Cyril O'Brien



Truth Is Stranger

Editor—Your story is beyond the bounds of possibility from start to finish.

Author—You can't make me sore. I'll sell it to a True Confessions magazine!



The Reel Stuff

By Carroll Carroll

Now Playing

Don Q, Son of Zorro—D. Fairbanks in almost perfect entertainment.

Beggar on Horseback—A nutty comedy satirizing almost everything.

The Ten Commandments—What Moses said and what we're doing about it.

Never the Twain Shall Meet—Polynesian miscegenation, manhandled.

The Ranger of the Big Pines—Just a darned bad western.

Eve's Lover—Almost sublime absurdity concerning a woman in business. Quite bad.

Grass—The only *real* epic ever filmed.

Night Life of New York—Worse than its name implies.

The Woman Hater—"The Marriage Whirl," "Marry Me"—Three of a kind—all deuces.

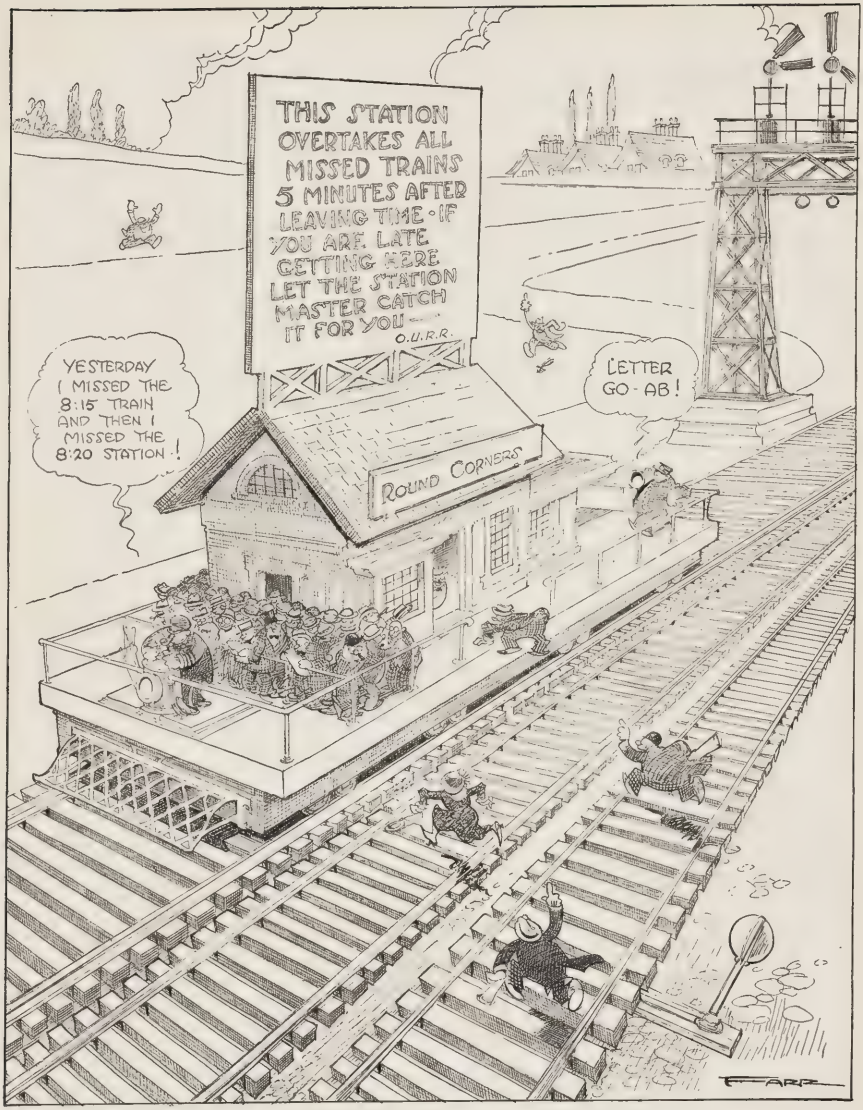
Greater Circus Season

LAYDEEZ an' genulmun! We have with us this evening the most mahvelus collection of human freaks and physical phenomenah that evah has been brought togethah undah one canvuss! They are alive! They will speak to you, talk to you, converse with you! They are *all* alive, flesh and blood beings like yourselves—yet how different! From every cornah of the globe they are heah this evening to entahtain you, amuse you, make you think, make you happyah and wisah for having seen them, laydeez an' genulmun! They are heah, but ere to-morrow's sun rises ovah yondah hill they will be many, many miles away! See them now! You may nevah get such an oppahtunity againe! The show is going on inside! It costs but a few pennies! Ten cents, two

(*Continued on page 26*)

STAGE-STRUCK AMATEUR ACTRESS—*Oh, I c-can't go out th-there an' d-do m-my dance, my knees are shaking so I can barely stand.*
MANAGER—*Then give 'em the shimmy, kid! Give 'em the shimmy!*

The kind and thoughtful reader takes pity on the poor summer magazine cover bathing girl.


THIS STATION OVERTAKES ALL MISSED TRAINS 5 MINUTES AFTER LEAVING TIME · IF YOU ARE LATE GETTING HERE LET THE STATION MASTER CATCH IT FOR YOU —
O.U.R.R.
YESTERDAY I MISSED THE 8:15 TRAIN AND THEN I MISSED THE 8:20 STATION !
LETTER GO · AB !
ROUND CORNERS
FARR

IN THE YEAR 2000

"Accommodation" R. R. Stations

TURN ABOUT

Insomniac sheep trying to go to sleep by counting a picnic party.

Unpublished Testimonials

Or Why the Ad Men Have to Write Their Own

O'Eastey's East

After being demobilized following the Civil War I got a job on the subway circuit spearing papers from between the tracks. I had been in the cavalry and wasn't used to riding a horse so that the long weary drives through mountain, o'er valley and around dell in the hardy brush of the Bronx finally brought on a chronic condition of double hiccoughs. I shall never forget those long Arctic nights with the aurora borealis playing at my feet some sad forgotten melody while the sweet songs of the lonely coyotes drifted in over the parched and burning sands of the Wabash.

For nearly three years I couldn't read, write or play the piano until suddenly, in desperation and Oklahoma, I took to drinking half a cake of O'Eastey's East with my evening prayers. Now the old bus looks just as good as new and everybody thinks I had it repainted. The joke is on them, though. I did.

Dad's Dope Drops for Domestic Disorders

Enrico get sore one day last mont' kicka da boss in da half holiday Boss bust Enrico in jaw for bigga row concrete blockhouses. Enrico be in bed two maybe tree weeks now taka Dese Dope Drops every day and likem fine. Maybe no damn good for busted jaw but Enrico like to see name in paper sure Much Obliged.

Perlstein's Peautiful Pants

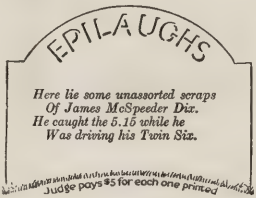
Positively without 'em I wouldn't know what to do. And if in a bathing suit you could see me you could know especially why many an embarrassing situation they have saved me. When you would ever make his kind I would have my little Abie wear 'em, too, but not yet. Our best to the mamma.

Heller's Hefty Helmets for Hurrying Hair

The doctors all told me I inherited from my wife's uncle a tendency to sudden spells of baldness. The worst of it was I could never tell when the attacks were coming on and it caused me no end of embarrassment, especially on rainy mornings.

Finally, about the sixth grade in grammar school, my mother told me of Heller's Hefty Helmet for Hurrying Hair, and it sure did. After wearing your helmet for only about six months my hair began coming out just dandy. Now it's all out and I don't need to worry any more. I'm bald for life.

Richard S. Wallace


EPILAUGHS
Here lie some unassorted scraps
Of James McSpeeder Dix.
He caught the 5.15 while he
Was driving his Twin Six.
Judge pays $5 for each one printed

THE TOURIST'S PARADISE

The Full-course-dinner Highway.

"*Why the scarecrow habiliments, Hamlet?*"

"*Great Dane in the morning! Cymbeline, to keep birds like you off my corn, of course.*"

—Williams Purple Cow

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Prof—What is it that human beings have that none of the rest of the animal species have?

Student—Halitosis.

—*West Virginia Moonshine*

The Hussy

Where'er I go, where'er I turn
What boldness do I see.
The girls to-day will never learn
To show their modesty.

I've seen the girls with dresses short
And hose rolled to the knee,
And others still who make their forte
Just sheer transparency.

But, sight of sights, I saw to-day,
A brazen thing unfearing—
A shameless damsel, blithe and gay,
Who left at home each earring.

—*Amherst Lord Jeff*

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"Who is the greatest modern exponent of his native dialect?"

Back of Room—Louder.

Prof—Correct. —*Pitt Panther*

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"Does Jack go with Katherine enough for her to let him kiss her?"

"He doesn't kiss her enough for her to let him go with her."

—*Vanderbilt Masquerader*

"Come across now. Where did you put them diamonds?"

"I shoved 'em back, sir."

"Back where?"

"Back with the rest of the deck."

—*Pitt Panther*

"*I hear you're keeping a keg of beer in your room.*"

"*Yes, I'm taking it to gain strength.*"

"*Any results?*"

"*Marvelous! When I first got the thing I couldn't even move it, and now I can roll it all around the floor.*"

—Yale Record

Another Flash

"Whither away, stranger? What wouldst?" cheerioed St. Peter, as he leaned over the pearly gates.

"Gosh, let me in," muttered the wandering soul of convict No. 999, just released from the electric chair, "I just had the shock of my life."

—*Colgate Banter*

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"Jane reminds me so much of a public office."

"How so?"

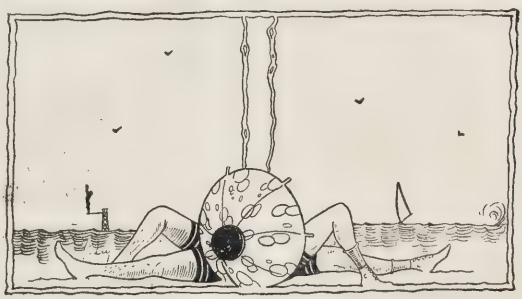
"She's always seeking the man."

—*Michigan Gargoyle*

Drama in One Act

She—Well—
He—Quite.
Silence.
She—You're rather shy.
He—I haven't a cent.
More silence.
She (desperately)—Oh, dear!
He (in ecstasy)—Helen!
And so they were married.

—*Lehigh Burr*



She—*I love your eyes.*
He—*I hate your no's!*
—Notre Dame Juggler

LEADERS

Ba!

"What is a buttress?"
"A nanny goat."
—Washington Cougar's Paw

***

She—Are mine the only lips you have kissed?
He—Yes, hon, and the nicest.
—Denver Parrakeet

***

Country roads are not what they seem to be. They seem lonely and deserted. *—M. I. T. Voo Doo*

***

"Gimme a strong cigar. Them weak ones break in my pocket."
—Hamilton Royal Gaboon

***

"How are Fords made?"
"Made? They come from Ford plants." *—Kentucky Cardinal*

"Have you any evidence that the defendant had previously attempted your life?"
"Positive evidence. I can bring witnesses to swear they heard him ask me to umpire a baseball game."
—Chicago Phoenix

She—Won't you join me in a cup of tea?
He—Well, you get in and I'll see if there's any room left.
—Rutgers Chanticleer

***

North—Have you ever thought of committing suicide?
Shore—That's the last thing I'd do on this earth. *—U. S. Navy Log*

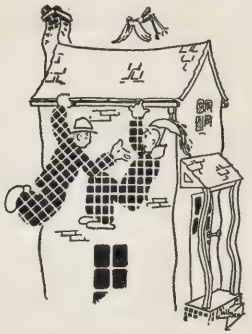
"He is the man of my dreams."
"Really, how is that?"
"He's not all there."
—Notre Dame Juggler

***

"Mother may I go out to play?"
"Yes, my darling daughter, but remember the things you want to do are the things you hadn't oughter!"
—Stevens Stone Mill

Spend Your Summer With Uncle Sam

Medical Officer—How did you meet with this accident?
C. M. T. C.—It wasn't any accident, a mule kicked me.
"But don't you call that any accident?"
"Naw, he did it on purpose."
—Lafayette Lyre



West—*Why do you persist in calling Agnes, "Ann"?*
Hall—*Oh, she's such an indefinite article.*
—Colgate Banter

***

Prof. Brown—What can you tell us about nitrates?
Prep—They are cheaper than day rates. *—Iowa Green Gander*

***

"Where ya going?"
"Down to the pawnshop to see what time it is."
"Why the pawnshop?"
"My watch is there."
—Colby White Mule

***

Why don't they give this fellow that's always singing, "What'll I Do?" a crossword puzzle?
—Wesleyan Wasp

"Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine."
"Your lips?"
"No, my liquor."
—C. C. N. Y. Mercury

ASK DAD—HE KNOWS

What They Laughed at in the Good Old Days

Not Anxious to Show It

Madge—How did you know I wore my old hat to the theater last night?

Marjorie—I was told you took it off. —*Judge, 1901*

"Whatever became of that friend of yours who married on a bet?"

"Oh, now he's devoting his life to a crusade against gambling!"

—*Judge, 1913*

"Smith strikes me as a promising young man."

"He strikes me that way too, but he seldom pays it back."

—*Judge, 1908*

Lawrence—Fletcher found a surprise awaiting him when he got home last night.

Lucian—What was it?

"His wife was asleep!"

—*Judge, 1913*

H. C. Greening in Judge, 1900

A SHIRK

QUARRY BOSS—*Blame thot Murphy! Shure, he's niver around whin Oi want him.*

Albert Levering in Judge, 1900.

NO EXCUSE FOR HIM

PRISONER—*Your honor, I was ignorant of the law.*

JUDGE—*Are you a lawyer?*

"*No, sir.*"

"*Then, sir, allow me to tell you that that is no excuse.*"

Between Friends

Gladys—Jerrold is telling all around that you are worth your weight in gold.

Ethel—The foolish boy. Who was he telling?

"His creditors, dear."

—*Judge, 1901*

A Clincher

Cobwigger—People go away to the country in summer for rest and quiet, my boy.

Freddie—Then what do people who live in Philadelphia go away for? —*Judge, 1901*

Modern

Father (who has taken daughter to the play)—I'm sorry I brought you now, Peggy. This is hardly a play for a girl of your age.

Daughter—Oh, I don't mind it, Dad! It'll probably liven up a bit before the end! —*Judge, 1913*

Dr. Hans Hartman—"Knowledge of the sea and its treasures is closely bound up with the future of the human race."

Page the rum fleet.

Newspaper Headline — "Monkey Upsets Dignity of Fifth Avenue."

Having already upset the dignity of the United States.

Col. M. B. Stewart, in Scribner's—"I would tell him (my boy) that if he didn't grow up to be a mighty sight better than his dad had been, I would regard him as a failure."

Meaning no disrespect to Colonel Stewart, but—maybe the neighbors would, too.

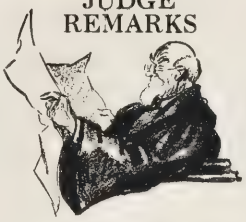
Baroness Mildred de Vryes van Doesburgh—"My husband is too noble even to know how to work."

At that rate how many of us must belong to the aristocracy!

Mayor John F. Hylan—"Please say a good word for me."

Vamoose!

JUDGE REMARKS



Newspaper Headline—"More Cars in Jersey But They Kill Fewer."

Evidently the pedestrian is becoming extinct.

Newspaper Headline—"Dry Agents to Shoot Only in Self-defense."

That puts them on a par with the other bootleggers.

Nathan Douchey, ninety-one, of Troy, N. Y.—"Man was made to live. Dying comes afterward."

Philadelphia papers please copy.

Judge Mancuso, New York—"A jury slacker is not less nor any different from one who dodges the draft."

Has Dempsey ever served on a jury?

Hotel Detective in Scott Divorce Trial.—"I have peeked through lots of keyholes."

He belongs in some Purity League.

Frank D. Waterman, Republican designee for Mayor of New York, is the fountain pen man.

Is he a self-filler, and how often does he run dry? The Anti-Saloon League wants to know.

Edward Young Clarke, former Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan, is chief organizer of the Twentieth Century Motion Picture and Dramatic Club which is selling memberships at $100 each.

You can't keep a good wizard down.

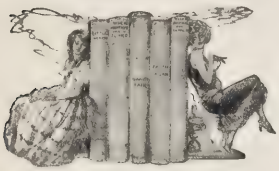
MR. POTTS—*It's wonderful to think I have been with you all evening!*
SHE—*It's amazing! Have you been with me all evening?*

JUDGE
ART PRINTS
SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOME

"JUST A SONG AT TWILIGHT"

By Delevante

Printed on Heavy Art Plate Paper with wide margins. Size about 19" x 15". Sent postpaid to any address on receipt of 50c.



"BOOK ENDS"

By Delevante

Also printed on Heavy Art Plate Paper, with margins for framing. Sent postpaid to any address on receipt of 50c.

"THE CURSE *of* DRINK"

By Maud Tousey Fangel

This popular reproduction in three colors should be framed and hung conspicuously over the table at which you mix your cocktails. Size 9" x 12". Sent postpaid to any address for 25 cents.

Ask for proof sheets of other Judge Art Prints.

JUDGE
Art Print Department
627 West 43d St., New York, N. Y.

Greater Circus Season

(*Continued from page 19*)

nickels, one thin dime, the tenth paht of a dollah! And if you do not think the show you see in theyah is worth *ten times* ten times what you pay to see it—come to me! Tell me you have been fooled, cheated, that I've misled you, and misrepresented! And I will gladly give you back evahry penny you paid to see the show and $10 out of my own pocket! Step in folks! One dime to see the wurrld of peeecyewliarities! The domain of illusions! The home of freaks! Going-in, *going-in*, GOING-IN! The Palace of Wondahs! Right this way! How many, pleez?

And so it started! Greater Movie Season! The world's most colossal ballyhoo!

I've seen the show and I'm not going to demand my ten pennies back.

On one stage, laydeez and genulmun, there's W. C. Fields, alias Professor Eustace McGargle, juggler extraordinary, confidence man and dealer of three card monte. "It's the ol' Army game!"

On another there is Lon Chaney, known to the circus world as Echo, the world-famous ventriloquial artist. He throws his voice and he throws a *spiel!* "And that's life, folks! A little laugh! A little tear!"

Fields in D. W. Griffith's screen version of the musical comedy, "Poppy," now "Sally of the Sawdust," is the photographic exemplification of pantomimic perfection. A rival to, if not the master of, Charlie Chaplin, the great. Fields registers with every gesture. He is nothing short of miraculously funny. (Pardon me for breaking down this way, but I just couldn't hold myself in. You know how a good cry will stimulate one.)

As the foster father of Sally, Carol Dempster, Fields is torn between two emotions, his love for his adopted daughter and the money which she can earn for him. The great question, what to do? To reveal the fact that she is the granddaughter of wealth and breeding and possibly lose her or to keep her identity a secret forcing her to suffer the squalor of cheap circus life? That is the plot. But it is a sugar-coated pill of pathos that Mr. Griffith hands out, so sugar-coated, in fact, that all its medicinal value is happily lacking. What we have is an hilariously funny farce that stops at nothing to get a laugh but manages to catch them all on the fly.

Carol Dempster plays the hoyden Sally with a fine sympathy and a splendid comedy sense, rushing headlong from tears to cheers with the airy lightness of a young girl's heart (ain't that touching?). Mr. Griffith has done noble—again! Has he ever failed? Hurray for the red, white and blue!

Possibly "Sally of the Sawdust" is a bit lengthy, surely some of the subtitles could be dispensed with, but certainly it is most superb film fun, whether or not it *ever* feels the bite of the editor's shears.

Lon Chaney, as the ventriloquist, and Harry Earles as a most cruel and uncompromising midget, in

Diner (indignantly)—Bring the proprietor here at once, there's a wasp in my soup!

Waiter—It's no use sending for the boss, sir, 'e's deadly scared of 'em 'imself. —*Passing Show*

FOREMAN—Wot's up, Bill, 'urt yerself?
BILL—No; gotta nail in me boot.
"Why dontcher take it out, then?"
"*Wot!* In me dinner hour?"

"The Unholy Three," an aggregation of circus freaks who figure out a diabolical plan for fleecing the wealthy, contribute two more valuable pieces of work to the growing gallery of fine photoplay performances. However, the picture is not so worthy, being based on eighty-two, or possible eighty-seven, coincidences. Anyone who's played poker and tried to fill a middle straight knows how coincidence can be depended upon. In "The Unholy Three" good old circumstance always arises to the occasion and comes through to make or break the day according to the requirements of the picture.

Even so I liked "The Unholy Three." It is insultingly entertaining and exciting. I will not tell you the story, that wouldn't be any fun. But I will say there are thrills, in spite of the fallacies upon which they are based (most thrills have a sandy foundation anyway) and there is a nice sentimental ending that will send all who go to the movies to be entertained and made happy away happy and entertained.

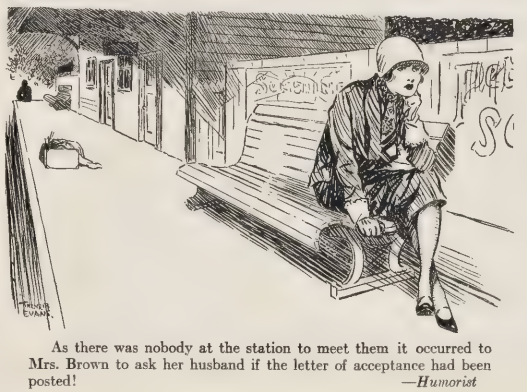
Next week Charles Spencer Chaplin, in "The Gold Rush."

***

"When I put the coat on for the first time and buttoned it up, I burst the seam down the back!"

"Yes, that will show you how well our buttons are sewn on!"

—*Nagels Lustige Welt* (Berlin)



As there was nobody at the station to meet them it occurred to Mrs. Brown to ask her husband if the letter of acceptance had been posted!

—*Humorist*

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8 POWER PRISMS

See objects miles away with these POWERFUL

MILITARY BINOCULARS

ARRIVED! Limited quantity GENUINE imported French and German Army Officers' Binoculars. 8-Power Achromatic lenses; *Premiere Qualite*—Genuine Prisms of remarkable light-gathering, light-transmitting properties. Central focusing, easily adjusted to any eyesight. Beautifully finished, superbly constructed. Prisms in each barrel permit of great field of vision, many times the area of Field Glasses. We have supplied hundreds of them to U. S. Army and Navy Officers. Such powerful Binoculars usually sell for $40 to $50. Our price (while they last) complete with *genuine leather* case and carrying straps $21

Send NO Money! NOTHING to Pay Postman! See them! Examine them! Try them for 10 days! If satisfied, after 10 DAYS' TRIAL, you may pay at rate of

$4 A MONTH

or, if you wish to pay cash, after 10 DAYS, take $1.50 Discount and send check or money order for $19.50

BROADEN your field of vision! Don't live in a cooped-up area! A new world will open up for YOU with a pair of these Wonder Glasses. You'll see things others can't. People, Scenes, Views, Games of ACTION brought right to your feet! The joys of outdoors are not complete without them. The greatest pleasure-giving INVESTMENT one can make. Indispensable for sports:—baseball games, motoring, camping, yachting, hunting, hiking, races, bird and nature study, etc. Sent on 10-Days' FREE TRIAL!

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NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

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X

ATTENTION CROSSWORD FANS!

OWING to the hundreds of letters we have received asking us to renew our weekly Crossword Puzzles, JUDGE will start them once again, beginning with the September 12 issue, with a $25 prize each week.

Order your copy now from your newsdealer.

LADY—*What's your Christian name?*
PROSPECTIVE MAID—*Marjorie.*
"How unfortunate; it happens to be mine, too."
"Well, you'll 'ave to call yourself Tootsie or something."

Second Round

(*Continued from page 16*)

two of the children down with the croup. So I shall refrain from saying that a play that talks golf from the time its first curtain goes up until its last one comes down is hardly the kind of play that drives me wild with interest. After about ten minutes of golf talk I am prepared to wax enthusiastic over even some Augustus Thomas philosophy or the prayers of cute child actors on Christmas eve.

The leading rôles in the exhibition are in the hands of James Rennie, Joseph Kilgour and Marion Coakley. Rennie's performance is his best since "Spanish Love." Kilgour, on the opening night, took up his cues as slowly as a rheumatic pool player and hence caused a number of the comic points to evaporate. Miss Coakley is still as good-looking as she was last year—which is something of a feat in these days—and does very well by what the yokels call "an unsympathetic part."

A few words in conclusion about the M. Vincent Lawrence. I am sorry to see him abandoning his former ideals of comedy and descending to the confection of frank box-office bait. Not that I blame him for trying to make money when he needs it; he has made little out of his better plays and no man is to be censored when, broke, he occasionally goes out and capitalizes the boobs' tastes. But I fear that once Lawrence is started on the path to the dollar till he will not be able to get back his former footing. The history of potential Broadway talents is full of such little tragedies. The man who could write a comedy with such good material in it as "Two Married Men" should not dissipate his skill. If he needs money, let him go up to Leopold Schepp's house some night, climb up the porch and lift the catch on one of the second-story windows.

The Rural Minute Men are now organizing to protect their corn, melons, pumpkins and potatoes from the Sunday marauding motorists.

Frolic and Fancy at the Ford Factory

(*Continued from page 17*)

body's thumbing his nose at Ford differentials or putting a hickory nut into the Ford rear system or planting tacks in Ford upholstering.

Yet, surely, there must have been a few whimsical heretics in the Ford organization, else how has Mr. Ford found executives. It usually takes somebody with an inclination to jim the works to help run the works. If Mr. Ford caught some capricious person putting rubber rods instead of steel rear axles into his car, I should think it would warm the cockles of his heart and that he would immediately put that man in charge of his rear axle department. Fords used to look worse than they do now, and it must have been somebody with capacity for deviation, with some kind of playfulness in his soul, who convinced Mr. Ford that Fords did not need to look as much like the devil as they did. Of course they still look very much like the devil.

Mr. Ford has profited greatly from humor outside of his plant if not within it. If it had not been for Ford jokes there would not have been many Fords. The Ford was the national jest long before it was the national vehicle. The Ford has always been economical and practical, but it would never have entered the hearts of mankind if it had not also been funny. You cannot tell how humor is going to work; if I were a great manufacturer or a big advertiser, I would at least fool with it some.

But, my, what havoc a couple of good comedians could play with the Ford clockwork if they just took jobs for a few days along the Ford assembly line.

I don't imagine this will be reprinted in the house organ for Ford workers.

Navvy (viewing small tankard)—'Ere, wot's this—cocktail?
—*The Tatler*

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The Magazine with the Silver Cover

PATRON—*What in the name of common sense is* that?
SCULPTOR—*That's my latest idea—a female figure designed to get by the censors.*

Why I Am a Bachelor Maid

THE doctor held too many hands.

The lawyer always had a new case on.

The tailor was a cut-up and gave me fits.

The baker didn't have enough dough.

The confectioner was too sweet on all the girls.

The carpenter was square and on the level; but I ruled him out, and he only got as far as the yard.

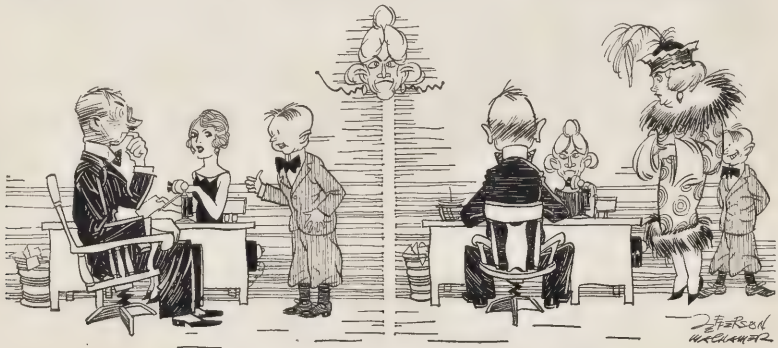
The pitcher was broke and off his base.

The aviator had me up in the air awhile, and then flew away.

The jockey gave me the gait, and the chauffuer ran me down.

The Mah Jongg fiend played all seasons of the year, and moved in good circles; he concealed his true character until he stole fourth to win, when he was doubly exposed by the east wind, So the dragon prodded him with a bamboo, and he shuffled away to the only place left him to fill, and now chows alone.

The musician was sharp and owned flats, but no apartments. Also many non-interest bearing notes. So I marched him off in double-quick time.



Stenographer's mask to be worn when Mrs. Boss visits the office.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

(EDITOR'S NOTE—JUDGE *receives so many interesting letters that he wants to share them with his readers. Under this heading, therefore, he intends printing from time to time those letters to the editor, or extracts from them, that he considers pertinent. Correspondents who wish their letters printed should try to make them brief, and whether they sign them or not, should always accompany them with their full names and addresses.*)

An Accident

To the Editors of JUDGE:

Sirs: It seems to me you would have better sense than putting such a picture of William J. Bryan in your last JUDGE magazine. I have always been an ardent supporter of your magazine but I am through for good.

Disgusted,
Paul A. Scholing

California
July 30, 1925.

(*Editor's Note*—We hope our correspondent understands that the issue of JUDGE containing the picture to which he objects went to press several days before Mr. Bryan's sudden death and on the day of his death was in the mails and beyond recall. We have already expressed our regret editorially that this should have been the case.)

Encouragement

To the Editors of JUDGE:

Dear Sir: I note with amusement that you of the civilized minority have been accused of sedition, sabotage and other horrible things, all, I suppose, because of the inflammatory editorials which have so pleased me in the past. I fail to see how you, your editorials, cartoons, and staff can be charged with anything save the propagation of those principles and ideals of which I have heard so much since my birth in this "land of the free"—principles and ideals which, somehow, have of late become vague and mysterious in my mind.

I should like to go on record at the present moment as being irrevocably against prohibition, the klan, anti-evolution and reformers and blue laws of all kinds—"and other such balderdash," as a well-known editor would say. To make myself clear, I might say along with the same fellow that I was at one time foolish, or patriotic enough, to serve an enlistment in the U. S. N., thereby breaking my education which I am finishing now as a junior at Western Reserve University in this city—and that I am "a member of the free-born, white, Protestant population of these great United States." I am heartily in favor of JUDGE and its ideals. Don't, by any means, be frightened into fundamentalism or puritanism. It is my opinion that just now, despite much evidence to the contrary, the pendulum is beginning to swing toward a more liberal interpretation of life.

In hearty accord with JUDGE, I am
Very truly yours,
T. Q. Lethperts

Cleveland, O.
July 30, 1925.

A Slight Distinction

To the Editors of JUDGE:

Dear Sir: From your last issue I see that you have been having some people kicking about the things you have been saying—making fun of their religious beliefs, and you wind up with the statement that you thought that you had the right to make fun of anything in the world.

I have been buying from the newstands, or subscribing for your paper, for several years, and I have been impressed with the fact that you never make fun of the Democratic governor of New York who vetoed the Constitution of the United States. I have read a good many editorials aimed at the K. K. K., but have never seen one aimed at the Knights of Columbus, though if the oath which has been published as the oath of that organization is true, then it is the worst organization which has ever been in this country. If you have never read one of these published oaths, get one and read it, but I would not advise you to make fun of them.

I am not a Tennesseean, have never voted here in my life, but do not appreciate any one making fun of sacred things.

Yours truly,
H. G. Talbert

McMinnville, Tenn.
August 1, 1925.

(*Editor's Note*—Our correspondent is in error. JUDGE has never made fun of anybody's religious beliefs as such. We *do* make fun of those who seek by legislation or terrorism to impose their religious beliefs on others—and we shall continue to do so.)

"Are you sure the coast is clear, dear?"

"Yes, I managed to make a hole in the water pipe, and father is keeping his thumb on it till the plumber arrives."

—*Passing Show*

Notice to Judge Contributors

NO MANUSCRIPTS will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed return envelope, and owing to the thousands of contributions sent into this office each week, it is impossible to enter into personal correspondence regarding them.

Do not enclose postage for FUNNYBONES or EPILAUGHS as *they will not be returned.*

In cases of duplication, the first one received will be accepted.

For prompt attention address manuscripts, in separate envelopes, to the following departments:

Manuscripts—Literary Editor of JUDGE,

Funnybones—Funnybone Editor of JUDGE,

Epilaughs—Epilaugh Editor of JUDGE,

Crossword Puzzles—Crossword Puzzle Editor.

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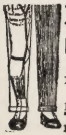

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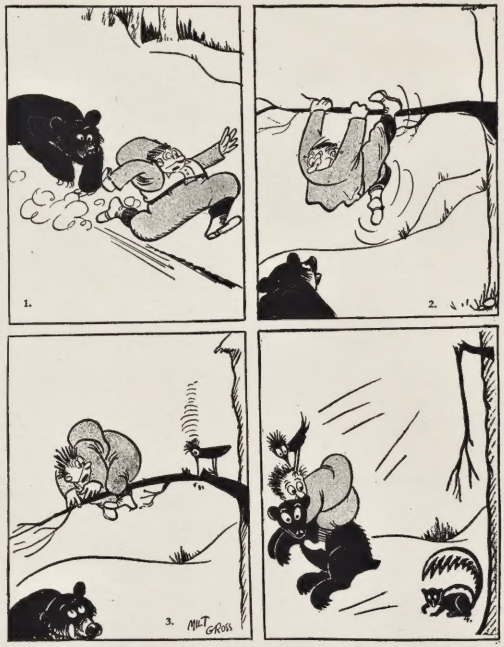


Submitted by J. H. McKay, 96 Spring street, St. John, N. B., Canada

Some Close Seconds

R. L. Ladgett, Houston, Tex.

Frederick Fox, Pasadena, Cal.

Theodore Hochberg, New York City

Horace Farmer, Frankfort, Ky.

R. L. Davis, Chicago, Ill.

E. Hillhouse, Garber, Okla.

DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS!

JUDGE will pay $25 for the funniest ending to this Comic Strip

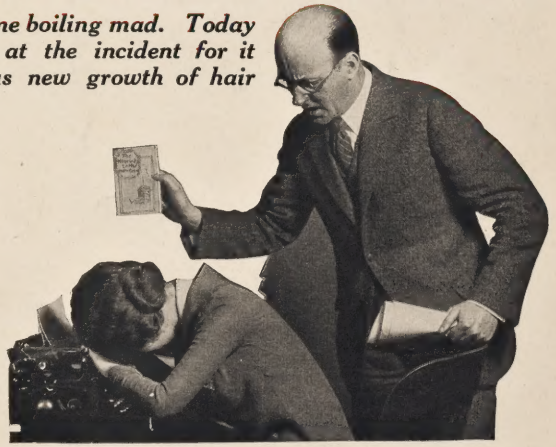
You do not have to be an artist. The winning ending will be selected for its originality of idea, humor, and cleverness in drawing. Professional artists are barred.

Draw your ending, in ink, on white paper, the same size as Space No. 4; or if you prefer, make your sketch right on No. 4 space, cut it out (No. 4 only) and mail to the D. Y. O. C. Editor of JUDGE, 627 West 43d Street, New York, N. Y

Send as many "endings" as you wish, but none will be returned. Contest closes September 7. Winning ending appears in the issue of September 26.

How a Strange Accident Saved Me From Baldness-

Sixty days ago it made me boiling mad. Today I look back and laugh at the incident for it brought me a marvelous new growth of hair



I'M willing to bet that I've wasted more money trying to end my baldness than any other man in the world. So naturally I laughed at any ad that sounded like a baldness remedy. And the oftener I laughed, the more bald I became.

When my wife began to look sorrowfully at my thinning hair I smiled regretfully. When my friends began to call me "baldy" I felt somewhat annoyed. But when my private secretary began to look strangely at my glistening scalp and snicker—well, it made me mad!

But the worst was yet to come. About sixty days ago I saw a tooth paste advertisement that offered to send a free booklet. It sounded interesting so I clipped the coupon and gave it to my secretary to fill in and mail.

Well, a few days later, to my utter surprise I found on my desk—not a booklet on toothpaste—but a booklet and a letter telling how to end baldness in 30 days!

I glanced from the booklet to my secretary. I felt my blood boiling.

"Miss Harris," I said to her, "I can't say that I appreciate your sense of humor. Just what is your idea? Is it . . ."

She paled. "Why, Mr. Burns—what's wrong—what have I done?"

"*Done*?" I shouted, "Aren't you content with laughing at my bald head—must you make matters worse by sending me this hint. If it pains you to look at my head you are always at liberty to resign!"

Tears came into her eyes. And between sobs she explained why it wasn't really her fault.

She said that the coupon which I asked her to mail had another coupon printed on the back—and the other coupon offered to send a free book about baldness. Well, she simply used her own judgment!

"Hm," was all I could say. And during the entire day not a word passed between us.

But that night on my way home I read the book about baldness. And I have to admit that a more interesting, more helpful, more honest book I've never read in my life. It described an entirely new method of making hair grow—a method perfected by Alois Merke, founder of the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York. It is the only treatment I had ever heard of that actually reached right down to the hair roots and awakened them to new, vigorous activity.

As I read on I felt myself weakening in my resolve not to try another hair treatment. And then when I read that Merke actually guaranteed a new growth of hair in 30 days or no cost to me—well, I completely weakened and sent for the treatment.

The first two or three times I used the treatment I began to notice that my hair didn't fall out as much as it used to. But, a week or so later when I looked in the mirror I saw something that almost bowled me over! For there, just breaking through, was a fine downy fuzz all over my head.

Every night I spent 15 minutes taking the treatment at home. And every day this young hair kept getting stronger and thicker. At the end of a month you could hardly see a bald spot on my head. And at the end of sixty days—well, my worries about baldness were ended. For I had regained an entirely new head of healthy hair. Can you blame me for laughing now at the strange incident of 60 days ago?

Here's the Secret

According to Alois Merke, in most cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead, but merely *dormant*—temporarily asleep. Now to make a sickly tree grow you would not think of rubbing "growing fluid" on the leaves. Yet that is just what I had been doing, when I used to douse my head with tonics, salves, etc. To make a tree grow you must nourish the *roots*. And it's exactly the same with the hair.

This new treatment, which Merke perfected after 17 years' experience in treating baldness, is the first and only practical method of getting right down to the hair roots and nourishing them.

At the Merke Institute many have paid as high as $500 for the results secured thru personal treatments. Yet now these very same results may be secured in any home in which there is electricity—*at a cost of only a few cents a day.*

Read This!

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"My hair was coming out at an alarming rate, but after four or five treatments I noticed this was checked. My hair is coming in thicker and looks and feels full of life and vigor."—W. C., Great Neck, N. Y.

"I have used your system for eight weeks and although the top of my head has been entirely bald for six years, the results up to the present are gratifying. In fact, the entire bald spot is covered with a fine growth of hair."—W. B., Kenmore, Ohio.

(*Originals of above letters on file at the Institute.*)

The thing I like most about Merke is that he very frankly admits that his treatment will not grow hair in every case. There are some cases of baldness that nothing in the world can help. But so many others have regained hair this new way, that he absolutely guarantees it to produce an entirely new hair growth in 30 days or the trial is free. In other words, no matter how thin your hair may be, he invites you to try the treatment 30 days at his risk, and if it fails to grow hair then he's the loser—not you. And you are the sole judge of whether his method works or not.

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"The New Way to Make Hair Grow," which explains the Merke Treatment in detail, is the title of the vitally interesting 34-page book, which will be sent you entirely free, if you simply mail the coupon below.

This little book tells all about the amazing new treatment, shows what it has already done for countless others, and in addition contains much valuable information on the care of the hair and scalp. Remember, this book is yours free—to keep. And if you decide to take the treatment, you can do so without risking a penny. So mail the coupon now and get the surprise of your life! Address Allied Merke Institute, Inc., Dept. 88, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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